





*Hymn to  
the Canadian Rockies*

**Art Aeon**

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## **Books of Poetry by Art Aeon**

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*Hymn to Shining Mountains: the Canadian Rockies* (2004)  
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*Mystery of the Universe* (2019)\*

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*Hymn to  
the Canadian Rockies*

For Everyone

Whoever admires at heart  
the magnificent beauty of nature,  
and reveres deep its sublime spirituality.





{1}

Midway on the journey of life,  
a humble pilgrim visits  
the Canadian Rockies  
to behold the sublime light.

Magnificent peaks, crowned  
with shining glaciers,  
welcome him in solemnity.

The glorious sun sets in alpine glows.  
A serene dusk pervades  
the verdant valleys in peace.

The elated pilgrim prays,  
inspired in awe and wonders.  
The sacred spirit of lofty mountains  
permeates deep his meek soul.

{2}

I lodge at an alpine hut  
beneath towering mountains.  
How wondrous it is to rest  
in the bosom of nature.

Fresh mountain air refreshes  
my exhausted, aching body.  
Delightful excitements  
keep me awake till late at night.

Beautiful stars twinkle  
in the tranquil mountain sky.  
Blissful peace nestles  
deep in this empty mind.

{3}

Sublime sheer peaks loom  
afloat above subtle mists  
in ethereal twilights  
of a calm, pristine dawn.

They look rapt in a deep  
timeless meditation,  
waiting to be awakened  
in an enlightened realm.

{4}

With plain formless words  
I strive to sketch what I see  
in breathtaking bliss.

{5}

A vast sea of mountains glitters  
in resplendent morning sunbeams.  
A pristine river sings in vital rhythms,  
meandering through lush forests.

Here exults nature in solemn grandeur.  
A meek man exalts her in a trance:  
*"Listen to this grand symphony of mountains,  
singing in spiritual lights!"*

{6}

Morning calm pervades  
a pristine clear lake.  
Wildflowers relish  
sparkling fresh dews.

The splendid sun rises  
above majestic peaks.  
The serene lake reflects  
the wonderful sight.

A wanderer pauses  
by the gleaming lake,  
wondering to where  
this daydream leads him.

{7}

Calm before sunrise—  
Sublime peaks and serene lakes  
breathe in eternity.

{8}

*Valley of the Ten Peaks* shine  
in awe-inspiring sights  
like solemn mighty titans  
in a divine council.

What profound matters  
are they discussing  
in such a prophetic  
deep silence for aeons?

A graceful limpid lake,  
nestled in the middle,  
reflects a subtle light  
on their deep mystery.



{9}

The magnificent expanse  
of high mountain ranges  
looms aloft like a grand  
celestial castle.

Impressive clouds shroud  
the hidden summits  
as if they stand on guard  
the sacred mystery.

{10}

Dark clouds shroud sheer peaks.  
Thunderstorms strike in splendours.  
A man watches in awe.

{11}

Exotic flowers dance  
in lush alpine meadows.  
Handsome mountain goats roam  
freely on steep rocky cliffs.

A stout eagle floats aloft,  
motionless in mid-air.  
A meek pilgrim bows  
to wonders of nature.

{12}

A sublime mountain  
muses deep on a pristine lake  
in breathtaking peace.

{13}

Delicate mists caress  
immense, pristine glaciers.  
Lush green forests bedeck  
a calm emerald lake.

The glorious sun sets  
between towering peaks.  
A noble eagle glides  
in the limpid blue sky.

Tranquillity deepens  
in the peaceful valleys.  
A meek pilgrim prays  
with heartfelt thanks in bliss.

{14}

Above scenic *Valley of Ten Peaks*  
through lush forests of larches  
I crawl up steep *Sentinel Pass*.

Spires of stark rocks soar into the sky  
with austere expressions,  
exulting in solemn grandeur.

{15}

Twilight of an early dawn  
shimmers on high mountains.  
Their subtle silhouettes loom  
like mighty titans sound asleep.  
How mysterious they look;  
What an awe they inspire!

Some time ago, they lay deep  
beneath the primordial sea;  
Now they seem to soar up high  
to reach the celestial vault.

Am I awake amid these dreamlike mountains?  
Or, do I imagine them in an ephemeral dream?

{16}

At sunrise, I start to climb up  
a majestic mountain.  
Its summit clad with glaciers  
looks like a hallowed temple.

Suddenly, dark clouds clash  
on stark sheer cliffs;  
Icy hails block perilous trails.  
Thrilled in awe, I retreat.

By a singing stream, I pause  
to catch my breath and quench thirst.  
In sparkling icy water,  
I wash my dusty body  
and cleanse my rusty mind.

Soon stops the alpine storm;  
Bright sunbeams warm my heart.  
Here I feel a vital breath  
of the sublime mountains,  
gently pervading my soul.



{17}

How good it is to bathe  
in a balmy hot-spring pool  
atop a scenic mountain.

The soothing water possesses  
a magic power that heals  
the mind as well as the body.

The refreshed wayfarer  
bows to gracious nature,  
glowing in calm sunset.

{18}

Dusk pervades in peace.  
Sheer mists waft on serene lakes.  
All things seem in dreams.

{19}

The rising sun suffuses  
magnificent lofty peaks.  
Exquisite glaciers glow  
ablaze with ardent passions.

A serene lake reflects  
this numinous scenery.  
A humble soul breathes in  
sacred spirit in awe.

{20}

Beneath lofty peaks, soaring up the sky,  
my canoe glides on limpid water.  
A clear reflection of jagged tall spires  
suffuses the calm lake in awesome splendours.

A serene sunset imbues  
stark rocks, lush forests, and pristine glaciers  
with mystic spiritual glows.

The ethereal range of subtle light and shade  
reflects on this lake in eternal peace.

{21}

*Icefields Parkway* weaves  
through endless mountain ranges.  
Countless majestic peaks  
enchant my astounded vision.

Pristine glaciers prevail  
since time immemorial.  
Resplendent lakes repose  
in unearthly peace.

Ever-changing clouds  
hover over soaring peaks.  
Vast panorama unfolds  
in a cosmic drama.

How much further should I  
pursue these awesome paths  
to reach the very heart  
of these shining mountains?

{22}

Sheer peaks soar up high.  
Vast glaciers feed pristine lakes.  
A man creeps on edges.

{23}

Subtle mists sweep dreamy peaks  
in ethereal calm at sunrise.  
Sacred, vital spirit hovers over  
these hallowed lofty mountains.

A graceful lake reflects  
subtle images of mysterious realms.  
An elated pilgrim prays  
for inner awakening.

{24}

From the summit of *Parker Ridge*  
I behold the immense expanse  
of the *Columbia Icefields*,  
hidden aloft on top of this world.

I gaze at *Mount Columbia* afar:  
Amid the vast sea of ageless ice  
the sacred white mountain looks  
soaring up to reach high heavens  
like a spirit, embodied in light.



{25}

On a vast glacier  
a speck of paltry clod crawls,  
trembling in awe.

{26}

The immense frozen sea of ice  
looms in awesome grandeur.  
Solid rivers of glaciers flow  
in deep prophetic silence.

Ever-changing clouds  
wander freely in the sky.  
Sheer misty vapours arise  
like cold flames of strange fires.

Vital breaths hover over  
this ethereal mystic realm.  
Exquisite forms emerge  
from ageless pristine ice.

The pallid sun sets  
on the frozen horizon.  
An elated man bows  
in awe and heartfelt humility.

{27}

Wandering through desolate icefields,  
I come across a gracious, peaceful lake.

Limpid emerald water glitters  
at calm sunset on long journeys to seas  
through lively singing streams.

Enchanting flowers  
bloom along the lakeshores;  
How gently they soothe my heart!

A subtle mixture  
of delight and despair  
overwhelms the wanderer's  
tender yearning heart.

{28}

Steep trails spiral up.  
A climber clings to cliff's edges  
in quick thunderstorms.

Lush green meadows meet  
white pristine glaciers,  
nestled at the heart  
of a lofty mountain.

Wildflowers embroider  
the neat alpine highlands  
in vivid resplendent  
patterns of primary hues.

A wanderer pauses by  
a shy tender flower.  
It whispers to him:  
*"Welcome to our home."*

Gush of snow-melt water  
rushes through deep canyons.  
Colourful rainbows waft  
over resplendent sprays.

Soft water carves adamant rocks  
into exquisite sculptures.  
Exotic mosses flourish,  
creeping on steep rocky cliffs.

Thunderous roars reverberate  
through awesome deep chasms;  
They turn into prophetic songs  
for an awe-inspired soul.

Here sings Mother Nature  
in her noble grandeur;  
Here listens a meek child  
to her deep, wise voice.

{31}

Vibrant sparkling streams  
sing and dance over stark hard rocks  
with breathtaking zest.

{32}

The gorgeous sunset  
suffuses a serene lake.

A strange little bird  
sings in enchanting tunes.

A wayfarer wades freely  
in the fresh, clear water  
to purge his mind  
from vain worldly worries.

This entrancing lake soothes  
the lonesome wanderer  
as a loving mother  
lulls her dear little child.



{33}

A sacred mountain  
looms in solemn grandeur,  
looking into a lake  
like a god rapt in deep thought.

How gently it converses  
with the ethereal lake,  
reflecting on mystic spirit  
in breathtaking stillness.

Quick, vibrant currents  
of glacial water sing  
in exuberant rhythms  
of sheer vitality.

How long has this river  
kept on running to sea  
from its sacred fountains,  
hidden in high mountains?

A humble wayfarer  
pauses by the scenic bank,  
admiring lively flows  
of this thundering river—  
utterly forgetting of himself  
who flows fast in the mystic river of time.

Lofty peaks appear and disappear  
in freely drifting clouds.  
Precipitous feet of glaciers  
nourish a pristine lake.

Fragrances of exotic flowers  
permeate in fresh morning breezes.  
A lovely tune of a strange bird  
echoes in the peaceful lakeshore.

The lake reflects the sublime view,  
gleaming like a mystic mirror.  
A breath of eternity pervades  
the inner realm of a meek soul.

{36}

Dusk deepens in the mountains.  
A tranquil lake reposes  
in heavenly peace.  
Starlight suffuses the calm water.

A pilgrim sits by the lake,  
praying in solitude.

May he see someday  
an awakening light,  
shining from an inner lake,  
hidden deep in his soul.

{37}

At splendid sunrise  
*Twin-Falls* thunders in grandeur  
afloat on misty rainbows.

{38}

Glorious sun sets.  
Lofty *Takakkaw Fall* glows ablaze,  
rising to heaven.

{39}

A noble mountain  
smiles in calm sunset;  
It embraces so tenderly  
a graceful glacier,  
clinging to its gentle bosom.

How sacred they look —  
Mother and child confide  
blessed love beyond words  
in breathtaking rhythms  
of eloquent silence.

{40}

Hikers old and young meet  
around campfires, sharing joys and woes  
in the journey of our life.

The strangers become friends,  
as if they had been dear old comrades  
in the struggles for existence.

Twinkling stars seem to come down  
from the mysterious night sky  
to overhear what we talk about.



{41}

Lofty *Angel Glacier*  
alights on sheer peaks, blessing us  
with heavenly grace.

{42}

The bright full moon rises  
above lofty peaks; vast glaciers gleam  
in breathtaking still.

A man strives to draw  
the sublime scene on his soul  
rapt in awe and bliss.

{43}

A young fawn nuzzles  
her mother doe; how lovely  
they talk without words!

{44}

Sheer crevasses block passes;  
I pause to admire austere  
grandeur in deep still.

How lonesome to be  
forlorn in vast sea of ice—  
Yet, it's so wondrous.

The pallid sun sets;  
Pensive steps move on vast ice  
in deep solitude.

{45}

The more I struggle  
to climb up, the higher rises  
the mystic summit.

{46}

Fresh sunrise imbues  
lofty peaks with glorious lights;  
It sets glaciers ablaze.

A calm vivid lake  
paints the ethereal scenery  
with fervid passions.

A meek man muses on  
how to breathe in such sublime  
splendours in pure bliss.

{47}

A stark, stout rock splits  
huge gushes of water.  
Thundering torrents splash  
in majestic splendours.  
These vibrant movements infuse  
vital spirit deep into my soul.

All things are flowing  
in the river of time.  
Yet my brief sojourn here  
seems to be timeless.

May the sacred spirit  
of these sublime mountains  
inspire me to sing of nature  
deep from my meek heart.

{48}

I toil to climb up;  
Amid this journey of our life  
I look for the light.

The summit I reach;  
How wondrous it is to attain  
the goal of striving.

Divine panorama  
overwhelms my mortal vision;  
In bliss, I exult.

Descent at sunset—  
I muse on how to pursue  
an inner journey.



{49}

My first, brief pilgrimage  
to the Canadian Rockies  
fleets away like a daydream.  
Tomorrow must I leave here  
to resume the worldly toils.

In a pensive mood,  
I move my heavy solitary steps down,  
pondering where in this world  
I should find a home for my spirit.

{50}

Bidding a heartfelt farewell  
to these spiritual mountains,  
I catch my train at pale sunset.

It prowls through hard passes:  
Spiralling up steep crags;  
Creeping down along perilous gorges.

Countless pitch-dark tunnels seem  
endlessly long to pass through.  
Pitiful panting of the striving iron-horse  
resounds with throbbing heartbeat  
of its pensive passenger.

It rains in the sad evening.  
Dusk veils sheer landscapes,  
fleeting by the dark window:  
It reflects a pair of earnest eyes,  
looking deep into my soul.



The book-cover photo of *Mount Victoria/Lake Louise* in the Banff National Park and the inset photo of *Athabasca Glacier's Headwall* in the Jasper National Park of Canada were taken by the author.



